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# Shenandoah Herald.

**Shenandoah Herald**  
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WOODSTOCK, VA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1883.

NO. 27.

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### CIRCUIT JUDGE.

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## Poetical.

### IN SANCTUARY.

While pale with rage the wild surf springs,  
Athwart the harbor bar,  
The safe ship folds their snowy wings  
Beneath the evening star.

In this calm haven rocked to sleep  
All night they swing and sway,  
Till midnight's hush the morning deep  
The golden blush of day.

Here, safe from all the storm's of fate,  
From wildly rage and scorn,  
Thus let me fold my hand and wait  
The coming of the morn.

When all night's stormy surf  
The wind brings in from far  
The morning of the morn  
Athwart the harbor bar.

### MENU CARDS.

There were two letters lying on the  
table when Adelaide Van Wyck and  
her mother returned from their after-  
noon constitution.

"That looks like an invitation," re-  
marked Mrs. Van Wyck, as Adelaide  
opened a square envelope of heavy  
cream-colored paper.

"It is a dinner party at the Chiches-  
ters. How I wish it were possible to  
accept!"

"Why impossible?" inquired Mrs.  
Van Wyck placidly.

"Simply because I haven't a thing to  
wear and have no money to buy any-  
thing," answered her daughter with an  
impatient accent. "I wish to heaven  
we were Smiths, or Browns, or any-  
thing but Van Wycks, or else that we  
had means to be Van Wycks decently.  
I loathe genteel poverty."

"My dear," said Mrs. Van Wyck,  
serenely, avoiding the last issue,  
"might not your going be managed?"

"Why can't you wear the mauve silk?"

"Because the front breadth is hope-  
lessly ruined by ice-cream stains—even  
if I were not known by it already. And  
if I could wear it, where are my gloves  
and shoes to come from? You see  
the state of my port-manteau! She  
dug the poor little empty purse down  
on the table, and then walked over to  
the window, though she could hardly  
have expected to find consolation in  
the eminently proper and monotonous  
view of brick houses across the way.  
She knew the state of the family  
finances much better than did her mother.  
In fact, since her father's death, nearly  
five years ago, she had taken the  
management of affairs to her own  
hands. Mrs. Van Wyck calmly ex-  
pected to be taken care of. She al-  
ways had been, and so she fell into the  
way of leaving everything to Adelaide,  
as she had left everything to Adelaide's  
father. The girl did her best. No one  
knew how many anxious hours she  
spent in planning ways and means, in  
balancing accounts and in trying to  
keep the bills from the butcher, the  
baker and the candlestick maker with-  
in the narrow limits of their quarterly  
income. There was very little surplus  
for new dresses, to say nothing of car-  
fare and postage stamps. They were  
Van Wycks, too, as the indelicately  
complained (though in truth, she was  
rather proud of the fact), and as such,  
had a certain social position to main-  
tain. Invitations came still for dances,  
dinners, receptions. Some times they  
were accepted, and at other times re-  
grets were sent, but no one knew that  
poverty was the cause.

Lately, however, it had occurred to  
her that she might turn her talents to  
account.—It is the craze nowadays,  
she said to her mother, "why should I  
not decorate things as well as anybody  
else?" And her mother said, "Certa-  
inly, my dear, as she would have  
assented to any proposition Adelaide  
could make. So with a queer mixture  
of hope and fear she had painted her  
quaint and artistic little designs upon a  
dozen pale-tinted satin cards, and sent  
them down to Tiffany.

"Why don't you open your other let-  
ter?" asked Mrs. Van Wyck.

Adelaide turned slowly. "She was  
disappointed," she was human—she  
was a girl, and she liked to have good  
times, and pretty dresses, and attention  
just as well as any other girl. It was  
pretty hard to be forever hampered by  
such restrictions.

"Oh! she exclaimed, with a change  
of accent, "it's from Tiffany, and—yes,  
actually it incloses a check for \$12,  
and request me to send other cards as  
good, hoop la! mother—your daughter  
is of some account in the world af-  
ter all."

"I never doubted that, my dear; but  
I certainly am glad you were suc-  
cessful."

"Well, I always have thought I could  
get up prettier and more artistic men-  
cards than any I have yet seen—even  
at the Snyvesant and Chichesters table  
last night. I hardly thought I should  
find any one to hear me out in that bit  
of conceit."

"Can't you go to the Chichesters  
now?" asked Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Day an evening dress, with twelve  
dollars?" laughed her daughter. "I  
don't know—more unlikely things than  
that have come to pass. Good-bye,  
I'm going to investigate the state of  
my wardrobe."

Up stairs she ran, singing blithely as  
she went. "Lose your bodice blue,  
tassie, lace your bodice blue—only I  
think it will have to be a bodice mauve,  
again. Let us see," and she pulled  
down the garment that had fallen on  
her dress as she hurried, and lo! there  
was a bodice, but it was a bodice of  
green with possibilities all. With  
three yards of velvet it can make a new  
dress, cut square at the throat, and  
with the old point lace (I won't abuse  
my Van Wyck ancestors again—they  
knew how to buy lace, and they could  
wear it into shape, and more could  
I want! Then these skirts—the train  
most come off and that will give me

## Material to freshen the trimming in place. And the stains—why, of course! What a goose I was not to think of it before!—I'll have a painted front. Lots and lots of purple poodles in every direction, and a big butterfly to cover the highest spot. What a blessing it is that elderly ladies can wear their black silks over and over again, and nobody expects them to make much change! Mamma's toilet being in order, I can buy my velvet with a clear conscience, and still have enough money left for gloves and slip- pers. Blessings on menu cards! I did want to go this time—and because— smiled a happy little smile as she bent over the ruffles she was wiping.

"No one would ever dream that was  
an old dress," Mrs. Van Wyck sur-  
veyed her daughter critically. "I don't  
know how you have managed it, but  
you are quite as well dressed as any  
one you will meet to-night, unless Lily  
Chichester makes a new departure."

"Trust Lily for recognizing 'Adelaide  
Van Wyck's everlasting lilac silk.' I  
don't care, though; it looks well and is  
becoming."

Becoming it was, certainly. Even  
Lily was obliged to confess it was an  
exquisite toilet, casting a dissatisfied  
glance at her own lace and satin drap-  
eries, and wondering why it was that  
Adelaide Van Wyck's dresses always  
had such an air. More than one pair  
of eyes followed the slender, graceful  
figure as she went, with half uncon-  
scious appreciation of the charm of  
her own face and manner that render-  
ed her so attractive. She made a pret-  
ty picture. Thorpe Westlake thought,  
as his hostess led him toward her.  
The blaze of light from the chandelier  
overhead discovered no blemish in the  
clear, soft complexion, as far and  
creamy as one of the tea roses that  
clustered among the pansies at her  
throat. It was not the first time that  
he had been conscious of a welcoming  
gleam in the sweet dark eyes that he  
now raised to meet his, but he had  
never before realized how keen was  
the thrill of answering pleasure. He  
had met Miss Van Wyck in society  
again and again, had danced with her  
and talked with her and helped to swell  
her collections of German favors, yet  
somehow he had known very little of  
her at all. She was in his eyes one  
of the prettiest of all the society girls,  
and one of the best dressed (to mas-  
culine eyes), therefore an impossibility  
to a young lawyer who has still to  
make his reputation. He would have  
been with a laugh at the absurdity of  
the idea, all thought of being in love  
with her; yet as he sat by her side at  
the dinner-table that night he found  
himself wondering what it would be  
like to have his own home, with such  
a gracious, graceful woman as Adelaide  
Van Wyck to preside over it.

These wondering thoughts made him  
for the nonce a rather silent companion  
and the young lady by his side might  
have missed the ready repartee and  
quick retort which was wont to  
characterize his conversation, if she  
had not been occupied in studying out  
the design of the menu card which lay  
before her. It was a pretty trifle, and  
a quiet conceit. The sherry pale-  
tinted satin made an exquisite back-  
ground for a graceful, white-robed, gir-  
lish figure that leaned against the  
corner of a box, wreathed with  
vines. Close examination, however,  
discovered the fact that the figure was  
in reality a representation of a line of  
music, the treble clef sign being tacked  
under a gate post, and every vine-leaf  
standing for a musical note.

"Clever, is it not?" asked Mr. West-  
lake, recalling his wondering thoughts.  
"Miss Westlake, the companion, it's on  
the same order, and he held up one  
similar in design, but with the girlish  
figure supplemented by a masculine  
companion. "How pretty they make  
these things nowadays."

"Yes," assented Miss Van Wyck sim-  
ply continued, "but I can't make much  
out of these bare boards; perhaps yours  
is clearer. Oh! I see now! It is the  
opening strain of Mendelssohn's 'Wed-  
ding March.' Well, I wonder what  
man of music it might be that con-  
ceived such an idea, and carried it out  
so charmingly. Don't you sometimes  
feel a curiosity, Miss Van Wyck, con-  
cerning the people who do things?"

"Yes," murmured Miss Van Wyck  
again, feeling excessively foolish, and  
wondering at the curious chapter of  
coincidence. "Suppose he knew," she  
thought, "that I painted them myself,  
and that if I hadn't told him I couldn't  
have come here to-night—and oh! I  
wonder how he would have felt if he  
hadn't known!"

"This is a decorative piece," said Mr.  
Westlake, with the air of one who  
makes a profound statement. "One  
can't help speculating as to what will  
occur to the mind of man—or should I  
say woman—to conceive such a thing. As  
he spoke, his glance rested on Ade-  
laide's poodles and butterflies.

"I painted them myself," said she  
inconspicuously, dashed up the next  
minute as she thought how abrupt and  
unfitted for the statement might seem  
to him.

"Did you? I had no idea you pos-  
sessed such a charming accomplishment.  
In fact, I have always thought of you  
as one of the likes of the field. It  
seemed as if you had to take no more  
account of how you should be ar-  
ranged than they do."

"How little men know of us!" she ex-  
claimed involuntarily.

"What we know is very attractive,"  
he answered with a smile.

"That goes without saying, consider-  
ing the situation. You think us dolls  
to be pleased with compliments as a  
child is with sugar plums; to be dress-

## ed by reason of a father and a dress- maker; puppets who dance by night, and dawdle through the day in eleg- ance. Who dreams that a society girl may be an eager, earnest woman, with a daily round of hopes and fears and anxieties? Miss Van Wyck spoke with a sudden vehemence which sur- prised herself quite as much as her com- panion.

"I think you do so justly," he re-  
plied gravely; "we are not all incapable  
of appreciating true womanliness; but  
you must confess that the dresses, the  
dancing, and the compliments are the  
materials of which the society fabric is  
composed."

"Why should it be?" she deman-  
ded of what good is an institution so  
lifelike?"

"Oh, if you come to the *cul de sac* question  
in such a mood, you will hardly be  
content with the *pro bono publico* an-  
swer. It is well sometimes simply to  
accept the existing order of things. At  
present it is for you to take such ap-  
proach to the evening as it affords  
for me, although I fear my part is a  
failure, to entertain you; it was for  
others to night that we may play. The  
cook has divined the soup, the con-  
fectioner prepared the loss, the florist  
the contributed flowers, and somebody  
has painted charming menu cards—  
why shouldn't we enjoy it all? Let us  
eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow  
we die!"

"Does it not strike you that we have  
been indulging in very unusual talk-  
ing?" inquired Miss Van Wyck, sud-  
denly. "Why did we do it? You ob-  
serve my conversation is largely com-  
posed of interrogation points to-night."

"The menu cards did it, I think; and  
no wonder, they are too suggestive to  
be passed over in silence."

"Miss Van Wyck surveyed her card  
for a moment, then lifted her long  
fringed eyelashes slowly. "I think, said  
she, deliberately, "I think, I mean to  
surprise you by a confidence."

"You would honor me," he answered  
meeting her look with a grave earnest-  
ness which reassured her.

"You say you feel a curiosity con-  
cerning the people who do things—see  
here," she pointed to three tiny letters  
in one corner of the card, twisted into  
an almost undeciphered monogram. "A.  
V. W. stands for Adelaide Van Wyck."

"Is it possible that it is your work?"  
he exclaimed with unforgotten interest.

"Yes," she replied, bent upon flash-  
ing her surprise, "it is the only way I  
know of by which I can earn money;  
yes, you see, I am not one of the  
lilies of the field who toil not."

"I see more than that," said Thorpe  
Westlake with a look under which the  
long, dark lashes drooped again.

"Will you tell me?" she asked, softly.  
"Some other time—if you will let  
me."

"Did you know that Adelaide Van  
Wyck was going to marry Thorpe West-  
lake?"

"I had heard no formal announce-  
ment of the fact," answered Miss  
Chichester, "but after the way she fled  
with him at our house one night I  
am not surprised. I shall tell mamma  
the menu cards did it."

"How was that?" inquired her friend.

"Why, it was a rather clever little set-  
ting—arranged in pairs, you know—bits  
of music cut in half. The treble clef and  
the bass, and the corresponding bass  
for her partner. Adelaide happened to  
get a bit of the 'Wedding March,' and  
of course Mr. Westlake fell heir to the  
companion card. They found their  
card so significant that Mr. Westlake  
lost possession of the pair, for I saw  
him ask and receive."

"And since then he has asked for and  
received every one, laughed the other  
young lady. "May they be happy!"

"Tiffany has bought much more of  
Miss Van Wyck's dainty handiwork  
since that first set of menu cards; she  
says they were her silver luck-penny,  
but no one knows the story of the cards  
as it is known to the two for whom the  
'Wedding March' means triumphal  
entry into the enchanted land of love and  
happiness."

## Made an Exception.

A Boston capitalist, who has just  
returned from a trip to the lumber  
regions of Wisconsin, struck a country  
hotel one night during a blizzard. The  
landlord was doing his best to heat up  
and make everything comfortable, but  
after his heels had been trodden down  
within six feet of the bar-room stove,  
the Bostonian hinted that he would go  
to bed.

"Stranger in these parts, aren't you?"  
whispered the host.

"From Boston, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll make an exception in your  
case and give you your choice between  
a room where the boys will likely sit  
up till 3 o'clock and play old sledge, or  
one next to where me and the old woman  
will begin jawing and fighting about  
10 and keep it up till square  
daylight. You look like a man of cul-  
ture, and I'll make it as comfortable as  
I can for you!"

The Bostonian, compromised by tak-  
ing a north room with several panes of  
glass broken out of the window,

## After Twenty Years.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 15, '81.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: Sir—Your  
Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, in my case  
cured a confirmed sickness of twenty  
years. I believe it to be the remedy  
for all female disorders, and can cheer-  
fully recommend it.

MRS. R. N. BOLTON.

Superficial? Philanthropic? Passen-  
ger to Irish emigrant, with small bun-  
dle—'Where's your trunk, Pat? Put  
your clothes in it, 'An' me go naked?'  
to walk."

## A Lawyer Fooled.

THE ELUCIDATION WHICH WON AN OLD  
SOLDIER'S SUIT.

A distinguished company of lawyers  
sat in the Supreme Court-room recently  
talking over old times. Among them  
was Colonel Charles S. Spencer. He  
was in his usual happy vein, and told a  
new story.

"I was retained," he said, by an ex-  
soldier of the war to sue for the re-  
covery of some \$1,800 which he had loaned  
to a friend. The late Edwin James  
was counsel for the defendant. I went  
to work zealously for my client. James  
cross-examined the plaintiff's lawyer  
foreverly way.

"You loaned him \$1,800?" Mr. James  
asked.

"I did, sir," was the reply.

"It was your own money?" Mr. James  
continued.

"Yes, sir," my client responded.

"Did you lend him the money?"  
was the next question.

"In July, 1860," was the reply.

"Where did you get that money, sir?"  
Mr. James asked sternly.

"I earned it, sir." The words were  
said in a meek tone.

"You earned it, eh? When did you  
earn it?" asked Mr. James.

"During the war, sir," was the reply,  
still in a very humble tone.

"You earned it during the war—  
Pray, what was your occupation during  
the war?" Mr. James asked.

"Fighting, sir," the man replied mod-  
estly.

"Oh, fighting," Mr. James said, some-  
what taken down, and instantly chang-  
ing his manner.

"I smiled triumphantly, and even  
smoked a little. James was laid back.  
Well, we went to the jury, and I, of  
course, had the last to say. I called  
away up to glory. I spoke of the war,  
of the lives and treasures it cost us;  
of the awful battles that decided the  
fate of the Union; of the self-denial and  
bravery of our men who left home, and  
wife, and children, and father and moth-  
er, and everything that was dear to  
them, and went forth to fight for free-  
dom and freedom, and the salvation of  
the nation. I pointed to the plaintiff as  
he sat there, still with the same air of  
humility, and even sadness. I said  
that was the sort of man who had  
fought our battles and saved our flag,  
and shed his blood that we and our  
children might enjoy, untroubled, the  
glorious blessings of freedom won  
from the hands of despots by our sires.  
I worked up that jury, and the plaintiff  
himself drew forth an unprepared  
handkerchief and wiped away a tear. I  
got a verdict for the full amount of  
course."

"As we were quitting the court-room  
James said: 'Spencer your war speech  
gained you the verdict. If you hadn't  
discovered through my cross-examina-  
tion that the man had fought in the  
war you would have been beaten.'"

"My friend, I replied, if you had only  
asked the man which side he fought on  
you might be going home with a verdict.  
My client was an old rebel!"

## "Ladies Tonic."

The Great Female Remedy is pre-  
pared by the Women's Medical Insti-  
tute of Buffalo, N. Y., and is their fa-  
vorite prescription for ladies who are  
suffering from any weakness or morbid  
condition of the sex. It is sold by  
druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Lad-  
ies can obtain advice free. Send  
stamp for names of those who have been  
cured.

## A Close Guess.

Bilkings' of Cincinnati, is a good  
drummer and a very neat kind of a  
man, but he owns one of the worst  
beats that ever was washed upon a